

# DOCTOR • WHO

## The FORGOTTEN

Part I : Amputation

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Retailer Incentive  
Photo Cover



Advertising Sales: (858) 270-1315 x 101  
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Special thanks to Gary Russell and David Turbitt for their invaluable assistance.

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## THE FORGOTTEN



cover by Rick Roche

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Tony Lee  
Pia Guerra



I'M THE DOCTOR

I'M A TIME LORD  
FROM GALLIFREY

I'M OVER NINE HUNDRED  
YEARS OLD—

—AND I HAVE NO  
IDEA WHERE I AM.

DOCTOR WHO: THE FORGOTTEN  
PART I: "AMPUTATION"

written by TONY LEE

art by PIA GUERRA

colors by CHARLIE KIRCHOFF



—GASP—



DOCTOR!  
YOU'RE ALIVE!



ALWAYS  
ONE FOR THE  
OBVIOUS STATEMENT  
Aren't you, Martha  
Jones? You don't  
think I was going  
to go and die on  
you or anything,  
did you?

I HAD  
WONDERED  
WHERE ARE WE?  
HERE'S THE  
BURDING ONE  
MINUTE WE'RE  
THERE, THE  
NEXT —

—HOW  
DID WE GET  
HERE?



HOW ABOUT  
I ANSWER  
THOSE IN  
ORDER WHEN  
I FIND OUT  
MYSELF  
EH?

YOU WANT  
TO GO LOOKING  
AROUND A  
STRANGE  
MUSEUM?

AS FOR THE  
BURDING— I'M SURE  
SHE'S AROUND HERE  
SOMEWHERE. WE  
JUST NEED TO  
HAVE A LOOK  
ABOUT.



WHAT ELSE  
ARE MUSEUMS  
FOR?

HELL, AWAY  
FROM FIGHTING  
MORORS, HIDING  
FROM PEPPER  
POTS, AND MAKING  
MURKIES. THAT IS  
COME ON, IT'LL  
BE FUN!



YOU'RE NOT  
FILLING ME FULL  
OF MORE HERE,  
DOCTOR. HOW  
DO WE—

HOLD ON  
A MINUTE! THAT'S  
THE SEAL OF  
RASSLOW!

THE WHAT  
OF WHO?



RASSLOW! THE  
FIRST OF THE TIME  
LORDS! DISCOVERED  
TIME TRAVEL. HAD A  
FONDNESS FOR ONIONS,  
MET HIM A COUPLE OF  
TIMES, BIT OF A DODGY  
BEARD, THOUGH.

BUT THIS  
SHOULDN'T BE  
HERE. IT CAN'T BE  
HERE. GALLIFREY WAS  
DESTROYED IN THE  
TIME WAR AGAINST THE  
DALERS. EVERYTHING  
WAS DESTROYED.



AND THAT'S NOT  
THE ONLY THING THAT  
SHOULDN'T BE HERE!  
OVER THERE'S A VARDON  
AXE, AND BESIDE THAT'S  
A SLINGERLING'S  
TAG!

THERE'S ABOUT  
A MILLION YEARS  
BETWEEN THEM. WELL  
MAYBE A HUNDRED  
THOUSAND  
OR SO.

I REALLY  
DON'T LIKE  
THIS—WE SHOULD  
GET OUT OF HERE  
AS QUICKLY AS  
POSSIBLE.



YEAH, YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT—ALL WE NEED TO DO IS MODULATE THE FREQUENCY OF MY TARDIS KEY THROUGH THE SONIC SCREWDRIVER AND—

—THAT'S ODD. I SEEM TO HAVE MISPLACED IT SOMEWHERE. HAVE YOU GOT YOUR KEY?

NO, DOCTOR—YOU BORROWED IT OFF ME THE LAST TIME YOU FORGOT YOUR KEY—AND YOU NEVER GAVE IT BACK.



AH, WELL—KEY OR NO KEY, I'M SURE THE TARDIS WILL FIND HER WAY BACK TO US EVENTUALLY—

—NO! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!



IT'S A VOORD HELMET! THE GOOD OLD VOORDS! WELL, THE EVIL VOORDS, REALLY—THEY DID TRY TO KILL ME, I SUPPOSE—BUT I HAVEN'T SEEN ONE OF THOSE SINCE I WAS AN OLD MAN!

SINCE YOU WERE AN OLD—OH, LET ME GUESS, 'TWEE-WEE' STUFF, RIGHT?

YEAH—BEST NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT.



YOU KNOW, WHICHEVER SET THIS PLACE UP MUST BE A TIME TRAVELLER. NOBODY ELSE COULD GATHER SUCH A COLLECTION—

—WELL, APART FROM ME, OF COURSE, AND I DO LOVE MY SOLVENTS. I WONDER IF THERE'S ANYTHING OF MINE HERE—

DOCTOR—



—I THINK YOU CAN SAFELY SAY THAT THERE IS. DON'T YOU?



I'VE ONLY SEEN YOUR INWARDROBE ROOM A COUPLE OF TIMES—

NO.

NO, NO, NO.

THIS CAN'T BE!





EACH OF THESE IS ONE OF MY PREVIOUS—WELL, "LIVES." I SUPPOSE YOU COULD SAY AND IN FRONT OF THEM IS AN ITEM THAT THE ME BEHIND THEM WOULD USE.

WALKING STICK, RECORDER, CAR KEYS, JELLY BABIES, CRICKET BALL, A CAT BROOCH, UMBRELLA, CRANET—EVEN THE PSYCHIC PAPER, ALL USED BY ME AT SOME POINT OR THE OTHER.

WELL, YOU CERTAINLY EXPERIMENTED WITH YOUR STYLES FROM VELVET DANDY TO U-BOAT CAPTAIN!

WELL, GRANTED—SOME OF THESE WERE MORE FROM NECESSITY THAN STYLE, BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN WHAT I ALMOST WORE.

I LOVED MY FIFTH INCARNATION, THOUGH, MADE ME THE MAN I AM NOW.



WELL—TECHNICALLY THEY ALL MADE ME THE MAN I AM NOW, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

IT'D BE LOST WITHOUT THEM.

LET'S TEST THAT HYPOTHESIS OUT.



REALLY, DOCTOR?



DOCTOR



YOU KNOW—NOW THAT I'VE SEEN THE PRIDE OF PLACE EXHIBIT, THIS MUSEUM MAKES SENSE. A TRUSTED, **HARPED** SENSE, OF COURSE.

AN **BATERS** MUSEUM DEDICATED TO ME, WHERE I'VE BEEN, WHAT I'VE DONE...

BIT OF AN EGO STROKE, IS IT?



I AM WELL-LIKED IN **MOST** PLACES YOU KNOW WELL—A LOT OF PLACES, AT LEAST ONE OR TWO.

OH DEAR, AND NOW THE ROOM'S **SPINNING**...

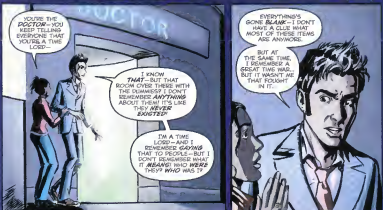
DOCTOR! ARE YOU **SURE** YOU'RE ALRIGHT?

MARTHA—WE'RE TRAPPED IN A MUSEUM THAT'S DEDICATED TO ME WITH NO TARDIS AND ONLY A **SONIC**...



—HOLD ON A SEC, SOMETHING'S **WRONG**!

NO, REALLY—I CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING BEFORE CHRISTMAS A COUPLE OF YEARS **BACK**!



YOU'RE THE **DOCTOR**—YOU KEEP TELLING EVERYONE THAT YOU'RE A **TIME LORD**—

I KNOW **THAT**—BUT THAT ROOM OVER THERE WITH THE **DUMMIES**? I DON'T REMEMBER **ANYTHING** ABOUT THEM! IT'S LIKE THEY NEVER **EXISTED**!

I'M A **TIME LORD**—AND I REMEMBER **GIVING** THAT TO PEOPLE—BUT I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT IT **MEANT**! WHO WERE THEY? WHO WAS I?

EVERYTHING'S GONE **BLANK**—I DON'T HAVE A CLUE WHAT MOST OF THESE ITEMS ARE **ANYMORE**.

BUT AT THE SAME TIME, I REMEMBER A **GREAT** TIME WAS, BUT IT WASN'T ME THAT **FOUGHT** IN IT...







YOU'RE STARTING TO REACH IN TO WHAT? SENILITY? COME ON! KICK YOURSELF OUT OF THIS!

YOU NEED SOMETHING TO JUMPSTART YOUR LONG TERM MEMORIES—HERE! USE *THIS*! SEE IF THIS HELPS YOU REMEMBER!



I REALLY THINK—

RARELY THINK, MORE LIKE, JUST HOLD THIS AND TELL ME A STORY, *ANY* STORY THAT COMES TO MIND. REMEMBER A TALE OF YOUR FIRST, WELL, *COSTUME* A JOKE, AN ADVENTURE, ANYTHING!

WHY *ELSE* WOULD THIS STICK BE HERE?



I—I WAS GIVEN IT, I THINK.

SOMETHING ABOUT OSCAR WILDE AND A THEATRE OF WIDGET ASSASSINS.



THAT'S GOOD! NOW FOCUS HARDER, REMEMBER SOMETHING *MORE* ABOUT IT. TELL ME ABOUT THE STICK.

I—I CAN'T THINK OF ONE. WAIT, THERE WAS A TIME.

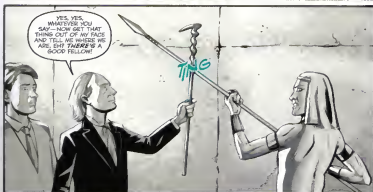
I WAS WITH MY DEAR DAUGHTER, SUSAN—

YOU HAD A GRANDDAUGHTER? AND YOU WERE GOING TO MENTION THIS TO ME WHEN?



ARE YOU GOING TO LET ME TELL THE STORY—OR HAVE A GO AT ME?

ANYWAY, WE WERE WITH THESE BOTHERSOME TEACHERS, JAN AND BARBARA.



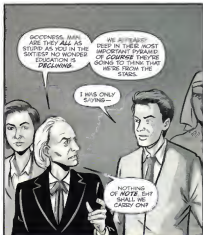






GREETINGS, TRAVELERS! I AM BURKHU AND I WELCOME YOU—VISITORS FROM THE STARS!

"FROM THE STARS" WHAT ON EARTH DOES HE MEAN BY—



GOODNESS, MR. ARE THEY ALL AS STUPID AS YOU IN THE SIXTIES? NO WONDER EDUCATION IS DECLINING.

WE ALREADY DEEP IN THEIR MOST IMPORTANT PYRAMID OF COURSE THEY'RE GOING TO THINK THAT HERE FROM THE STARS.

I WAS ONLY SAYING—

NOTHING OF NOTE, BUT SHALL WE CARRY ON?



I REALLY HOPE THEY TURN HIM INTO A MUMMY.

NO—SO THE BANDAGES COVER HIS MOUTH.

WHY, SO HE'LL BE LESS SCARY?



KEMNEBI—I HAVE A FAVOUR TO ASK OF YOU. BRING YOUR BEST MAN TO THE PALACE WITH A BLOWPIPE AND DARTS.

WE HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY HERE TO KILL MENKAURE, AND BLAME THESE STRANGERS IN THE PROCESS.

AND HOW WOULD WE DO THAT, ITENNU?



POISON DARTS LEAVE NO VISIBLE WOUND, THE ONLY POSSIBLE ANSWER WILL BE THAT THESE "VISITORS FROM THE STARS" USED MAGIC TO KILL HIM.

AND ONCE WE CONVINCE THE POPULACE OF THIS, WE KILL THEM.













GOOD OLD  
DADDS... SAVED  
US AGAIN, AND THIS  
CAME... SAVED THE  
PHARAOH.

AND WHAT  
OF THE OTHERS?  
WHAT HAPPENED TO  
IAN, BARBARA—TO  
SUSAN?



SUSAN FELL IN LOVE  
WITH A FREEDOM FIGHTER  
ON A FUTURE EARTH. SHE  
FELT RESPONSIBLE FOR  
ME, BUT I FELT SHE NEEDED  
TO MOVE ON, HAVE HER  
OWN LIFE. I—

—I LEFT  
HER THERE.

IAN AND  
BARBARA MADE IT  
BACK TO THEIR TIME.  
GIVE US TAKE A YEAR.  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT  
HAPPENED NEXT.



YOU  
LEFT YOUR OWN  
GRANDDAUGHTER?  
WHAT HAPPENED  
THEN? IS SHE  
STILL ALIVE?



I DON'T RECKON  
SO. I CAN'T PROVE  
IT, BUT THE TIME  
LOOPS ARE  
GONE.

AS FAR AS  
I KNOW—I'M  
ALL ALONE  
NOW.



OH,  
DOCTOR—  
IF ONLY THAT  
WERE TRUE.





THIS ISN'T  
GOOD, NOT  
AT ALL.

WE CAN'T  
HAVE YOU GETTING  
**STRONGER** AGAIN,  
DOCTOR. THAT SPOILS  
THE WHOLE **POINT**  
OF THIS.



AND I DO  
SO **HATE** HAVING  
MY GAMES  
SPOILED.

I KNOW YOU  
SO **WELL**, DOCTOR.  
YOUR THOUGHTS,  
YOUR **SEAMS**—



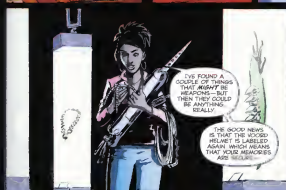
—I WANT THEM  
**DESTROYED**. I  
WANT YOU TO BE SO  
BROKEN YOU'LL BE  
FORCED TO  
**REGENERATE**.

AND THEN,  
DOCTOR—



—THEN YOU'LL BE **ALONE**!

**HAHA**



I'VE FOUND A  
COUPLE OF THINGS  
THAT **MIGHT** BE  
WEAPONS—BUT  
THEN THEY COULD  
BE ANYTHING  
REALLY.

THE GOOD NEWS  
IS THAT THE WOODS  
HELMET IS LABELED  
AGAIN, WHICH MEANS  
THAT YOUR MEMORIES  
ARE **SECURE**—



DOCTOR!

CRASH



NOT YOU GOT  
YOUR MEMORIES  
BACK! THEY MADE  
YOU STRONGER!

SORRY,  
MARTHA—LOOKS  
LIKE... IT WAS  
TEMPORARY.



I DON'T  
THINK...

—ARSH—

DOCTOR?

ONE OF MY  
HEARTS—JUST  
STOPPED.

I'M ONLY  
RUNNING ON  
THE ONE  
NOW.



...WHOMEVER  
IT IS... THEY  
WANT ME  
TO...

...I CAN'T LET  
THEM... DO WHATEVER  
THEY WANT TO DO. I  
CAN'T... I WON'T...



...GOODBYE,  
MARTHA...



DOCTOR?



NEXT: RENAISSANCE

# DOCTOR • WHO

## THE FORGOTTEN





WildBlueZero

